Baſt. No my Lord.
Gloſt. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..
Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.
Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.
Baſt. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing. Exit
Gloſt. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is comming.
Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.
Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*
Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.
Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate,
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great ryuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bountie may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it,
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt?
Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.
Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be ſilent.
Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide skirted meades,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall, what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our

Our deereſt *Regan*, wife
Reg. Sir I am made of
And prize me at her wort
I find ſhe names my very
That I profeſſe my ſelfe a
Which the moſt precious
And find I am alone felic
Cord. Then poore *Cor*
My loues more richer the
Lear. To thee and thin
Remaine this ample third
No leſſe in ſpace, validity
Then that confirm'd on
Although the laſt, not lea
What can you ſay to win
Then your ſiſters.
Cord. Nothing my Lo
Lear. How, nothing
Cord. Vnhappie that I
mouth, I loue your Maieſ
leſſe.
Lear. Goe to, goe to, m
Leaſt it may mar your fo
Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred
I returne thoſe duties bac
Obey you, loue you, and
Why haue my ſiſters huſ
Happely when I ſhall we
Muſt take my plight, ſha
Halfe my care and duty,
Mary like my ſiſters, to
Lear. But goes this w
Cord. I good my Lord
Lear. So yong and ſo
Cord. So yong my Lo
Lear. Well let it be ſo,
For by the ſacred radienc

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIB